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Somebody's Darling.

[The following lines were written in 1864, by Mrs. E. G. Sprague, now of Wyoming, R. I., and first appeared in the *Waverley Magazine*. They were suggested by seeing a young drummer-boy lying dead in Lovell General Hospital, at Portsmouth, N. H.]

Into a ward of the white-washed halls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so brave
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace:
Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold,—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now,—
Somebody's darling is still and cold!
Kiss him once—for somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from his fair matted tress,
They were somebody's pride you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there!
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister dear
Been baptized in those waves of light?
God knows best! he was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody's heart his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.
Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And his smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair, young dead,
Pausing to drop in his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

The Country Doctor.

Dr. Brinsley belongs to the noble army of martyrs and heroes known as "country doctors." He was the sort of man you could love if you loved him; otherwise you would probably dislike him, for he was very peculiar; everybody said so. Now there are several ways of being peculiar, and the doctor's ways were not always pleasant ways—unless you loved him. His wife had loved him, and to her he had seemed the most perfect of men. He suited her and she suited him, and they had been very happy. It must not be supposed that her love had been of the cooling kind. Perhaps the doctor would not have enjoyed that, Darling Becky rejoiced in making bright, spicy, impudent remarks to her husband. Remarks which made his big brown eyes sparkle with delight; then he would meet her half way, and they would fight the most interesting little duels, followed by the most affectionate reconciliations. But it was now three long years since poor Becky had been resting in her quiet grave and the doctor's friends had decided that he needed some one to keep house for him.

After much persuasion he had been particularly introduced to Miss Delia Swan. "What a name!" thought the doctor, but as he looked at her he saw that she was fair, gentle, healthy and twenty-six. "A good, sensible age, must be neat and orderly," was his verdict. In a moment of enthusiastic selfishness he had proposed to her, and in a moment of enthusiastic devotion she had accepted him.

They were married. She lived in his house, she poured out his tea and coffee, she entertained his friends, and everybody said: "Oh, how much nicer she was than that other woman!" She was very popular with everybody, but she was not at all popular with the doctor.

To him "that other woman" was still all the world and the brightness thereof. So homeless did he feel in the presence of this much nicer woman that his visits to Becky's grave were the only happy hours of his new life. After awhile he became more accustomed to Delia, and then he began to give her free and frequent lectures on Becky. "She" used to say so and so, she used to do this and that, and as she had been right then, she must be right now and forever, and in everything.

Delia had married "from a sense of duty," and deserved to be punished, but it seemed to her that her punishment was greater than she deserved. She would not have wished that her husband should forget the wife of his youth, but she had expected that he would have some regard for the woman whom he had invited to preside over his household, and she had hoped to make him comfortable, to "do her duty by him," as she expressed it. Part of that duty she had performed in the most admirable manner; never had the doctor's house been so clean; never had his shirt bosoms shone with such luster; but the heart which beat behind them she had been unable to conquer.

Was it her fault? Had she not tried to be kind, to be patient, to be meek? Yes, but it was the trying that had

spoiled it all and she lacked the sweet boldness which love alone can give. She was almost afraid of that ungracious man, and she was jealous of Becky, much loved, happy Becky. At the end of six months of such a life the doctor noticed that Delia looked pale and thin. "You need a little more fresh air," he prescribed, "and I shall take you out as often as I can." Not without some inward fear, but attired in her very best, Delia sat in the buggy by the side of her lord. It was a balmy spring afternoon, nature looked so fresh, so bright, so happy, that a little of this happiness breathed itself into Delia's sad heart. The doctor must also have been touched by these benign influences, for never before had he been so kind, so attentive to her, so talkative. She smiled several times; twice she absolutely laughed. She sat a little nearer to him, her cheeks bloomed, and she was beginning to feel quite comfortable, when, as luck would have it, they happened to ride past a very small cottage, so very small that Delia said, "Oh, look! I wonder how people live in such a tiny bit of a house?"

The doctor's brow grew dark. "In such a house as this," he said in his most impressive manner, "in just such a house as this my wife and I lived in the greatest happiness when we were first married."

Had Delia been suddenly shifted from India's coral strand to Greenland's icy mountains the shock could hardly have been greater. "His wife," she thought, "then if she is his wife, what an life!" Peculiar reasoning, perhaps, but Delia knew very well what she meant. All that evening she sat silently sewing and answering the doctor's remarks with a primness of dignity that surprised him. But he asked no questions and took refuge in thoughts of the old days when Becky sat in that same chair, sewing too, but with such bright, loving looks, such an interesting way of saying things! And now, what a difference! What, in truth, was this woman to him? Not a wife, not even a companion, only a housekeeper. And he gazed at her reflectively. It so happened that Delia, who had been making desperate efforts to overcome her sulky mood, looked up at that moment and caught the full meaning of the doctor's eyes. Had he espied her face she could not have felt it more, but she gave no sign. With white fingers that trembled a little she folded her work and said, "I am tired, I will go to my room."

Delia did not sleep much that night. "I must leave him," she decided at last. "I will not live with him unless I am really his wife. I cannot." Leave him; but how? She would not go back to her mother's house where questions would be asked which she was determined not to answer; and besides it was too near. Where could she go? A few hours afterwards that question was answered. She received a letter post-marked "Denver, Colorado;" it came from "dear cousin Mamie," and as she read her letter Delia's face brightened; "it is just what I wanted," she said to herself.

One evening, when the doctor came home, Bridget met him at the door and said, "Missus has gone, sir; she had to go a kind of sudden, but she said she would write and tell you." "All right," answered the doctor. "Gone to her mother's," he explained to himself. "I suppose there is some sort of fandangoo going on there." He made himself very comfortable. It was a cool evening, and he smoked his cigar, and put his feet on the stove, with "no one high to hinder." But what the doctor really liked was to be hindered; he enjoyed watching the mild shadow of disapproval stealing over Delia's face; if she had frankly and briskly expressed her opinion, then taken it back prettily, he might have fallen in love with her; but Delia always relapsed into meekness, and all was lost. As the days passed the doctor began to miss his housekeeper. "Why does she not write? Cold-blooded creature!" The cold-blooded creature wrote. Her letter was dated from Denver. It said:

DEAR SIR—I thought you would be happier without me, so I came here. I am visiting cousin Mamie. With best wishes for your happiness, I remain sincerely,
DELIA BRINSLEY.

"A pretty letter—and 'dear sir' to me! Gone to Denver! Who could have supposed she had spirit enough for that? Little goose! Gone to Denver, by Jove!" The doctor laughed, he blessed him-

self, he was delighted. The next evening he was on his way to Colorado. That same evening, in far-off, lovely Denver, Delia and Cousin Mamie were comparing notes about their husbands. Delia had been very cautious and Mamie was enthusiastic about the doctor. "If he was my husband I would flirt with him and make him fall desperately in love with me," she declared.

"Flirt with him!" exclaimed Delia. "Certainly, it would be all right, and so interesting! Now, John is so good natured and always the same, I sometimes wish he would be a little bit cross, just for a change."

"What a sadly funny world this is," thought Delia when she was alone, "no one is really contented and happy." Then she became very homesick; not only did she miss the doctor, but she also missed herself, she had always been so prudent, so submissive, and now she had done such a wild, wicked thing! Had she not promised "for better and for worse?"

One morning there came a tremendous ring at the door. Delia knew that ring, she heard it all over her and turned pale. "Bound to get in," said Mamie, as she hurried to the door. "Is Mrs. Brinsley in?" asked a big voice. Mrs. Brinsley was in. She came forward smiling, rosy-cheeked, collected and transformed. She held out her hand; she was glad to see the doctor; she presented him to Cousin Mamie. They sat down. "Where are you stopping?" asked Delia. "At the Windsor." And she became as deeply interested in the Windsor as if the doctor had come expressly for the purpose of ending his days there. But Dr. Brinsley was not altogether defenseless. "I came to see if you would take a ride with me. The carriage is at the door. Come just as you are."

"Oh!" said Delia. And she went. The mountains were "perfectly magnificent," as Delia remarked, but the doctor made quick work of them. "How soon will you be ready to come home?" he asked quietly.

"I don't know. I intended to stay all summer. I think—I think—" But she could not tell him what she thought. She was glad he had come; she wanted to go back with him; she loved him, now. But did he love her? If he would only be a little more gentle, more lover-like. The doctor was not very gentle; his manner was clear cut and decided, but—if she would only have looked at him!

"How soon will you come home?" he repeated. "I want you to come home."

Then, slowly, she lifted up her eyes to his. Was this the way he used to look at Becky? Not quite; no one should ever see that look again in the doctor's eyes. But Delia did not know that, and it seemed very good to her to be looked at in this way. "I will go whenever you like," she answered at last.

Then the doctor did say something gentle and lover-like. They were married already. Let us hope "they were happy ever afterwards."

VERY DANGEROUS.

Visit to a Nitro-Glycerine Factory—A Place Where Men's Lives Are in Constant Danger.

Near the village of Tweed, Canada, and at the water's edge of Stoco Lake, is a fair-sized, unpretentious, isolated wooden building, the appearance of which would cause a stranger to inquire why a good building was erected in such an isolated locality, and it was so closely guarded, as a solitary watchman, day and night the year round. creaks the steps and inquires the business of the curious as they stray near. As the eye passing upwards reads "Nitro-glycerine factory—very dangerous," in big letters above the door, the use for which the building is intended and the necessity for watchful care is apparent. At the door were seen lying iron casks sheeted inside with lead, and in these casks are imported the pure glycerine and mixed acids used in the factory.

A cask of mixed acid is hoisted by machinery to the upper story and dumped into a mixing tub, in which the mixing blades are turned by a man who is stationed in a tight box and has in front of him a thermometer. As the glycerine runs into the acid a vapor is engendered in which life is scarcely supportable, hence the man at the crank is stationed in a close box. The acid and glycerine in their admixture rapidly heat, and the compound has to be toned down by cold water or ice; hence the greatest watchfulness is necessary at this point. As the heat is allowed to run up to 80 degrees, and nitro-glycerine explodes at 90 degrees, there remains but 10 degrees of heat between the men and eternity, or, as the manager remarked, if the heat run up to 90 degrees they would not have time to pucker their mouths to say "good-by."

It is needless to say that, while the work is going on, strangers are never allowed to enter the building, as it is necessary that every man should have his individual attention at such times upon his work. "Strict rules govern our men," remarked the manager, "as the least venture at experimenting would leave no one to tell how the accident happened." The nitro-glycerine thus manufactured has an explosive force ten times greater than that of blasting powder, and is used on very heavy work, but we sell very little in that shape, remarked the manager, as it is run down a tunnel to the room below, where it is manufactured into dynamite, dautin or vigorite, all of which have nitro-glycerine as their basis, but are known by different names to designate the degree of power. As rapidly as possible, the nitro-glycerine is mixed with charcoal, wood pulp, or other mixtures, and reduced into a commodity more readily handled; for although dynamite is understood to be extremely dangerous to handle, it is rammed into the cartridges with a stick with as little apparent fear of the result as would be the case were the substance so much dirt.

The cartridges are made to hold from a pound to two pounds each, and are carefully packed each day and taken to an isolated magazine owned by the company. The output of the factory is about 1000 pounds daily now, but the owners expect to increase the capacity to meet the requirements of a rapidly increasing demand, as this is the only factory of the kind in Ontario, and the development of the mines has rapidly increased the demand, as blasting with powder has been almost entirely superseded by the use of dynamite, which is not only more efficacious but safer to handle. The manager remarked: "I have to pay my men large salaries, although the work is comparatively light, as a very slight accident would put them out of the way of drawing their salaries. I have worked at the business for the past five years, and own a mill in Algoma as well as this one here, but in this business life is the result of vigilance."—[Manufacturer's Gazette.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A felicity that costs pain gives double content.
Money is well spent in purchasing tranquility of mind.
There is no deeper law of nature than that of change.
Indolence is the rust of the mind and the inlet of every vice.
A passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by her fear.
Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.
Time should never be squandered. Every man should have a noble, worthy aim in life.
There will always be something that we shall wish to have finished, and be, nevertheless, unwilling to begin.
A good man will be doing good wheresoever he is. His trade is a compound of charity and justice.
Foolishness places itself in the foremost rank to be observed; intelligence stands in the hindmost to observe.
There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.
If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

GLASS EYES.

How These Delicate Optical Delusions Are Made.

Artificial eyes are not of recent invention, for the early Egyptians used many crude specimens, the erbelephari and the hypoblepharia. The former was formed of a circle of iron which passing round the head had at one of its extremities a thin sheet of metal covered with very fine skin, on which was painted an eye with eye-lid and lashes, thus forming a kind of painted bandage which concealed the cavity of the lost eye. The latter exhibited somewhat of a likeness to the method now adopted, but was made of a metallic shell something like a walnut shell on which was painted the iris, the pupil and the white of the eye, and was placed in the orbital cavity and kept in place by the eyelids as is now done. The great objection to this was the

The Mining Prospector.

The genus prospector, a man of medium height, a rather lightly but firmly-knit frame, age anywhere between twenty-five and thirty-five, a fine face, gentle but firm, bronzed by exposure to many a fierce storm, stamped with the unmistakable expression impressed on the features of those who, day after day, stand face to face with danger and death, a face that a girl in distress will turn to without hesitation; that a rowdy will turn from with fear and hatred. His first movement betrays the frontiersman. A rapid piercing glance around the park, neither human foe nor edible game being in sight, his next glance is to the sky. Apparently satisfied with the inspection, his first care is to tend to his jack or "burro," to use the mountain phrase; then having liberated the burro with a drag on the end of his rope which will effectually prevent his straying from that park, he turns to his fire, blows it into a blaze, puts on his coffee pot to boil, and then to his toilet. Three inches of comb, two square inches of looking glass, a coarse towel, a piece of yellow soap, a tooth brush, and the toilet table is furnished. Now follow him to the dressing-room; a dozen steps down the creek takes him to where a little dam has formed a crystal pool. Down on the moss-covered rocks goes the broad white hat, the collar of the blue flannel shirt is rolled back disclosing the neck and chest of an athlete. Oh how cold, how refreshing, how invigorating the water is, fresh from the snow above. The toilet is finished, breakfast is the next consideration. The coffee having boiled is placed on one side to settle; the bacon fried, the batter for a pile of "slap-jacks" beaten up, he fries one of the abominations throwing it into the air and catching it on the reversed side with the precision of an old timer, and now he plunges into the tent and emerges with the "chuck box," or in English, "mess chest," into the innermost recesses of which he dives, and from the conglomeration of cartridges, buckskin thongs, steel traps, needles and thread, sailor's palm, mineral specimens, three or four letters, a book very torn and dirty, a pair of Mexican spurs, odds and ends of string, etc., etc., produces a small canvass sack of salt, ditto of sugar, a half gallon can of syrup, and breakfast is ready and the table is set. To dispatch the meal takes but a little while. Short as the time is, however, it is not wasted, for observe the upturned face, the eager searching glance, peak after peak is scanned, formation, color noted, until apparently satisfied with the inspection. The meal is finished, plate and cup washed and put away; the morning pipe is lit and smoked while he goes through his pockets to see if his outfit is complete, matches, compass knife, magnifying glass, all safe. Catching up the burro and picketing him on fresh grass finishes the morning chores and we are ready for the day's work.

Lying.
There is a story of a candidate for a Yorkshire borough addressing the electors in flattering terms, and telling them that for "the hope of being their representative he had given up valuable prospects in India, and traveled many hundreds of miles." "What a jolly fool you must be," was the unsympathetic remark of one of the crowd. The speaker had, in fact, returned to England because his prospects in India had proved delusive. Exaggerators of this class have been held up to derision for centuries. Lando (sixteenth century) tells of an Italian ecclesiastic who was so given to drawing the long bow that his friends openly derided his tales. He at last hired a simple country lad, whose whole duty it was to stand behind his master's chair and corroborate his anecdotes. The boy did his work for a time; but at length his employer ventured on a tale so amazing that the honest servant started the company by exclaiming, "Nay, master, take back my livery; I cannot swear to that." Epitaphs offer a very usual field for exaggeration. Few imitate the sensible conciseness of an inscription in a Hampshire church, where the survivor merely adds, after the name of the deceased, "To those who knew him a narration of his virtues would be needless; to those who knew him not it would be tedious"—a fact too often lost sight of by the writers of monumental inscriptions.

Facts themselves may be presented in a light which exaggerates them to the listener. Boswell once praised the profuse hospitality of a gentleman who "never entertained less than a thousand in the course of a year. That is to say, about three persons dined with him daily." Both "ways of putting it" were true, but they conveyed widely different meanings.—*London Globe*.

Peculiarities of Mexicans.
Among all classes there is too much of the idle "rest and be thankful" spirit. Nature has been bountiful; the necessities of life are easily secured; the need of exertion is minimized; a few beans or a handful of corn, a little fat, and some chillies will form the unvarying diet for weeks. But all are inveterate gamblers. Although sometimes too lazy or improvident to provide even comfortable food, they will sit for hours over cards or dice, and in their infatuation pawn everything on which they can raise money. In selling their chillies, their eggs, poultry, or other produce, they seldom have any fixed price; their demands are mainly graduated by the apparent capacity or generosity of the purchaser. Contracting to supply milk, for example, to the railroad construction gangs, after arranging for a very ample remuneration, and going on for one, perhaps two, weeks, they will complain that their cows are doing badly, get a few extra cents per gallon, and perhaps a week later make a similar stand for a further advance. The mercantile classes in the towns, although they seldom have much capital, are tolerably straightforward, endeavoring to meet their engagements, and have a wholesome horror of a protested bill. Every village celebrates, at least once a year, its first, where dancing, an extra amount of gambling, cock fighting, and sometimes bull-baiting are the entertainments, and where the liberal consumption of cheap intoxicants brings business into the Court of Alcalá or Justice of Peace. The Mexicans are generally more pusillanimous and superstitious than the Indians. Secret societies exercise a good deal of authority. Both in Old and New Mexico the Penitents count their numbers by thousands, and enjoin among their votaries fasting and humiliation, from which, however, exemption is freely accorded on payment of certain doles. On occasions, self-flagellation and stripes inflicted by brother devotees are preceded with until the infatuated victims are covered with blood. For several hundred yards along a path thickly strewn with prickly cactus, others go on hands and knees to prostrate themselves before the cross. Bearing a cross weighing several hundred pounds, with arms outstretched and secured, others toil for miles, usually to some sacred chapel or almost inaccessible mountain top. When the poor enthusiast, fainting under his burden, is about to drop, attendants place their shoulders under the arms of the cross, and afford a temporary support. These performances shatter yearly the health of weakly devotees, and kill some.—*London Times*.

Diseases From Bad Teeth.

It appears not to be generally understood even among the cultivated people, although the fact has been dwelt upon with emphasis by the best medical authorities, that the presence of carious, crowded, or asymmetrical teeth in the human mouth is the progenitor of a long train of nervous diseases, comprising not only facial neuralgia and its concomitant troubles, but diseases of the ear, inflammatory as well as functional, eventuating often in partial loss of hearing, defects of vision, naso-pharyngeal catarrh, and other tormenting maladies. One of our acutest and most successful specialists in the treatment of nervous diseases has become so fully convinced by long experience of the part played by defective teeth in the development, not of neuralgia only, but even of the more obscure neuroses, that he always insists, as a condition precedent to the acceptance of the case, that a thorough examination of the cavity of the mouth shall be undertaken by a competent dentist, for he says, not only may a single diseased tooth result in persistent nervous disturbance, but disease of the brain, decay or perversion of the mental faculties, even epilepsy and tetanic spasms often have their starting-point in dental irritations; and he has observed cases in which, while laying the foundation for a long train of nervous troubles, the irritated organ itself gave no sign, either by local pain or vague discontent, of the agency it was constantly exerting to produce serious disturbance at some distant point. In common with the most aural surgeons, a distinguished specialist, of this city, has long since adopted the practice of examining the teeth of every patient brought to him for treatment of ear trouble, particularly of partial deafness and general irritation of the organ; and, speaking of the other day of the large number of pupils from the public schools who attended the public aural clinics at the hospital with which he is connected, "it is rare," he said, "to find a single patient in whose case dental irritation is not to be considered among the prominent causative factors."—*New York Times*.